

## Why I did not choose military as a career.<sup>24th</sup>

I dismissed my military service to America for myriad, sundry reasons, as one would dirty water long passed beneath a bridge: *I am not proud of my service and do not tell ‘War Stories’ or wish to remember it; when asked about those years I either change the subject, walk away or simply say I did my time and got out.* *When reminded of it or when I retell my story to a person who cannot comprehend such as a therapist, I relive the trauma. Then spend weeks getting over it in a brown airy depression or worse. I am extremely anxious, have an impending sense of doom and pathos, have more night terrors and suicidal ideations, and am more susceptible to a suicide attempt until this passes!* The therapist sleeps fine I do not!

However, the other day when a VA nurse casually mentioned how much better civilian life was to USAF culture a sudden outpouring of suppressed memories prompted writing this. First, I joined USAF to avoid US impressment into Army or Marines. Murdering people that I had no gripe with was not my forte. I attended a rural high school. Faculty attitudes were against the Vietnam War because an unfairly disproportionate number of young men drafted came from their students of lower socio-economic levels. Moreover, many of these kids they had known since babies, grew up with their kids, and some of them were their kids. The returning walking dead wrecks for life and body bags were not nameless, faceless, unknown soldiers to us! *That war personally touched all of us in some way at that public school system.* The topic was an elephant in the room that few spoke about, favorably. Moreover, there were many 19 year olds perpetually in 10th grade flunking every year to avoid the draft; faculty accommodated them in passive protest of the injustice. In the fall of 1972, my senior year, one morning the principal, under duress, announced over the PA system requesting that the following students report to the testing center – essentially all boys of the senior class and those over 18. The week before Naval Recruiters came to the school; I was out that day. Today, it was uniformed USAF Recruiters sharply dressed, looking impressive. Once in the room, the Recruiter began his spiel with, ‘as you guys know, after graduation you will get drafted into the Army or Marines. If you pass our tests today, you can pre-enlist in USAF and avoid that.’ I raised my hand and said, ‘where do I sign.’ He chuckled and replied, ‘you must first pass the tests.’ Then passed out exams and we set to task. I passed. He dismissed all students that did not. Then gave each one of us papers for our parents to fill out and return. Before we left, sternly, he cautioned, “**If you do not return these, you will get drafted.**” The first incentive of many voluntary compliance at gunpoint enforced experiences awaiting me in military and life thereafter. My mom filled out the papers and I returned them promptly to the local recruiting station where he worked. Then waited, until months later before graduation in 1973, when he called for me to come see him. I was accepted, but needed to fill out more paperwork including security clearances that went back to before I was born. Mom had to fill out those; she had government clearances before so knew what to do and had all that historical information from them. I returned those papers a week later; mom needed that long to fill them out! Then waited more until late fall of 73, after high school graduation, when recruiter called again. This time he had bus tickets for me to go get physicals and much more stuff in another city that took days to do. In January of 74 he called and said, “you are in the USAF. Come down for bus and plane tickets and a package you will need when reporting into basic training and instructions for getting there. In Feb of 1974, I reported to Lackland AFB basic military training officially in the USAF.

While the majority of young draft-able men escaped over Canadian and Mexican borders to safety or hid out in colleges that their parents paid to shelter them, I served my obligation. I did not have a silver spoon of privilege. Moreover, my parents raised me to be honorable, responsible and accept consequences for my actions; to fulfill commitments regardless of the cost to me. They would have never forgiven a coward son for ducking duty escaping over the border and bringing disgrace upon them. *Every high school senior of my class upon walking across the stage receiving our diploma knew in the weeks that followed, a US government draft notice would arrive by USPS inviting us to a War in Vietnam. A War none started or wished to fight. Therefore, I chose to serve on my terms by enlisting in USAF, aka voluntary compliance at gunpoint. Enlistment is signing away one’s soul in a Faustian contract to the Devil: Uncle Sam. You are in the Military now. That steel bear trap biting your ass is an enlistment contract gnawing years out of it – for the rest of your life.*

I do not miss having fewer rights than a gulag prisoner. UCMJ, which means *Uniform Code of Military Justice*, ruled my life. They can and do shoot and imprison soldiers using that code for some infractions of it.

Due process of law is a charade; for instance, one is subject to double jeopardy for offenses; if s/he breaks civilian laws off base, UCMJ awaited a soldier on base for retrial and reconviction. I would have not done over eighty percent of the tasks in civilian jobs I was required to do in military or face insubordination consequences, up to imprisonment or firing squad, for disobeying an order. Shove this job and I quit are not options while fulfilling an ironclad contract with the Devil. I do not miss ‘no-knock’ midnight raids while living in on-base quarters: aka Military barracks. Usually at two am on a weekend morning, one awakened to security police officers or SP’s poking room mate and me with a night-stick, shining bright lights in our faces, barking orders ‘get on your feet now’ while inhaling stinking K-9 dog breath. I swear they must have fed those mutts ‘cat cheese with garlic’ before the search. Dog breath that could knock perched buzzards off a slaughterhouse gut wagon in August noonday heat. Once up, a fully armed SP ordered us to stand at attention by the bed, adding – do not pet the dogs they will take off your hand. Thanks for the safety tip, asshole. With K-9 dogs holding us at bay, he and his partners rifled through our personal effects looking for ‘contraband.’ After search, one often found personal items missing without any recourse to grievance: my word against the cops. Not even civilian police can do unreasonable search and seizure without probable cause and a warrant. The only blessing was those mutts did not leave their fleas as keepsakes.

I do not miss the strings of 16-18 hour days working on an aircraft tarmac, aka Flightline, as a field, ground crew member and crew chief, on B-52, KC-135, and other military weapons delivery platforms. These long days stretched into routine, consecutive workweeks performing tasks such as a ten hour preflight and sortie launch; then after maybe 8 hours of rest, a bath and a bite to eat return to the airstrip in time to catch the returning plane landing from a mission. Then regardless of weather conditions, we had 8 hours to recover it, do a through-flight inspection, and make repairs, service, reload, and prep the ship to fly another operation. USAF was our home and family. Holidays, regular and standard work hours did not exist for us. While the base was on leave, we were on duty. I recall on Thanks Giving Day 1975, in bitter cold launching an end of lifecycle B-52 bomber to the bone yard, and doing it again on Dec 25, 1976. I was on remote Nuclear Alert duty on Thanks Giving and Christmas days 1977. Family, wife and kid? USAF was a jealous bitch that owned my soul and would have none before her. SAC, *Strategic Air Command*, had the highest divorce rate of any military branch of service for that reason. USAF was not sole cause for losing my family to divorce but caused irreparable damage to it, and me. After Vietnam War ended, US Armed Forces had a massive experience and brain drain when enlistments were unfrozen. That placed a heavier burden on those of us who remained on active duty to perform tasks of 5 people. Manpower shortages were acute because the all-volunteer Military could not replace personnel losses. Morale was at its lowest – especially after Carter’s announcement January 21, 1977, which drove even more numbers of us out of uniform including me. Nobody cared. **Why be dog shit under a doormat to a sorry country of ingrates.** I did not re-up when my 6-year obligation ended.

Returning to civilian life was much better than USAF duties all round. However, doing so posed challenges to reentry. That was when the real war began for we veterans. Businesses cheated us, employers discriminated against hiring Vets with excuses such as, - ‘we cannot use Veteran skills’ aka we do not hire damaged people, or the best cop out and my favorite, ‘you are over qualified.’ State unemployment office employees refused to help and berated us. When I applied for unemployment and began a new job search, while still on active duty weeks from discharge, an adult female Texas State Employment Commission employee caustically said, ‘you will never get a job...return to Military because that is all you are fit for...’ In hindsight, I believe the whole system was rigged to drive us back into the military, especially then. *VA and transition benefits were a complete fraud. I was salvageable then. When applying for C&P and service related help, VA betrayed me, lied and denied them in Toto, and then VA blamed the problems on my mother! Moreover, the misogynist adjudication officer was arrogant enough to put that in writing, and I still have the rejection letter proving it. I never forgave VA inc for either sin especially blaming my mother and now for murdering my Korean War Vet dad in 2008.* Recruiters called for a year after discharge ‘hounding’ me to return. It was very tempting, considering hurtles I faced reentering civilian life. However, I had a daughter; my task was to provide the most stable life for her possible until she became an adult. Military was anything but secured. She came first; that was my duty above anything else. I got out prepared to work at whatever necessary to provide for her. I raised her to stand-alone, think for self, be responsible for *her* choices and actions, and accept consequences for them. The only blessing I can see in being absent so much is, if I had stayed around she would always be looking for me instead of figuring out things for her, which is the only true freedom anyone has in this hell. Better to have a part time

dad than no dad at all. In adulthood, she does all right surviving in the world without me to do so – mission accomplished, sir. The blessing of estrangement, she made her decisions, is the pain of parental separation at death is less. One has to search for blessings in hell; where everything always is a choice between greater and lesser evils.

However, once past aforewritten obstacles reentering civilian life, things got better – mostly. Civilian companies are very serious about employee physical security: safety, safety and more safety to a fault; violations could cost one's life, limb, job or a company lawsuit. Personnel safety in USAF - what was that? Redress for resultant injuries via VA – is a very sick, criminal joke at best. Bumps on body and noggin were common occupational hazards. Constant hazardous military chemical, bio–weapon, radiation emissions and worse exposures were the norm not exception. We had no personal safety equipment, MSDS or training in safe handling practices; such things simply did not exist, especially as a wartime and post wartime unit....it was fly by wire. Scenarios like this were the job. While trouble shooting aircraft maintenance issues, with an aircraft engine or two running at military power, screaming instructions into a 'muff mic Mickey Mouse' headset to a cockpit controller, ducking in and out of wheel wells, bomb bay, 47th section, avoiding moving flight control surfaces, up on a wing or other top surface and more; it was very easy to not see or remember hazards until hitting one or it hit me especially during inclement weather and at night: 'Bang!' When the lights came back on and the spinning stars cleared, one muttered harsh language thinking 'I forgot all about that silly thing...' Then resumed duties while nursing another goose egg on the noggin for a few days or week or more until doing it again... All of us ground crews were nursing injuries and pissing blood most of the time as part of the job: headaches and aspirin in the line of duty. The job was deadly serious. One never lost respect for those machines; anyone who did so ended up either crippled or dead before realizing he was crippled or dead. One did not stop the show to scream 'Medic!' like on castle in the sky cinema and TV. Real life duty is very different from Hollywood Fantasy Factory propaganda, recruiting films. One pressed on mission and did what you had to do then changed the subject. Be hurt and sick on your time not on Military's dime. I do not miss exposure to unsafe emissions, chemicals, bio-gens or other unseen hazardous job conditions and dangers that set body 'tea timers' ticking, which went 'ting' into full blown diseases after undergoing years and decades of mysterious physical, mental, nervous medical symptoms well after the pump knots were long gone and forgotten. All of we ground crews were passing blood in urine and semen among other health issues from exposures; military medical ignorance could not or would not give us reasons for it. Go back to work; the problems will take care of selves. Yeah, right! Decades later, I am two weeks in ER and ICU resolving those problems on the dark side of dead followed by over 36 months of ongoing recovery. Civilian companies considered employee safety very important whereas, USAF did not. The War machines were all that mattered. Lose a GI; just reorder a replacement from enlistment supply. We were 'Government Issue:' removable, replaceable, alterable, and expendable. Working in a civilian facility also had other advantages. I did not undergo ghastly weather conditions, savage summer heat, and brutal wet–winter cold. No hazardous working conditions at night such as being on an icy wing with sleet and rainwater running down the crack of my butt repairing the ship with a flight crew in route or already onboard with engines running, impatient to taxi out of the stub, complete their mission and return home. As a civilian, I did not put up with grumpy officers arriving to the parking stub looking for any reason to blame ground crew and the plane as excuse to not fly. I more than once said, "Captain, if you do not want to do this go back to Base Ops and send out another flight crew..." then got off crew bus and waited by the ship. I was in no mood for their crap after working 8-10 hours getting the platform ready to go. Court Martial me asshole I need a rest. Moreover, 10 –12 hours riding in a cramped B-52 with six other men is very tedious and tiresome at best. After a mission, flight crews were very bitchy people one best avoided in Toto. Another obligation was serving Mobile Nuclear Alert First Strike Forces. That was 24/7/365, whether on home base, TDY at various remote bases or 'Lily Pad' deployments. One lived 'in the wild' out of a 'mobility bag' in some strategic shit hole fighting The Cold War and violating S.A.L.T – Strategic Arms Limitation Treaties: guys, we are not in Texas anymore, hope they remember to come back for us 'cause I don't know the way out of here and it is a long walk home without a C-130 - ad nauseam. C-130 is a rattletrap cargo transport built by Lockheed Martin, Inc; human cargo rode with the rest of a payload that came with playing superpower shell games of the hide and seek Easter Egg hunt: B-52 'Easter Bunnies' loaded with nuclear warheads or 'Easter Eggs.' Our task was to launch a first strike against an enemy under EWO:

*Emergency War Orders.* Everything was strictly need to know; all we needed to know was how to do our jobs. **After that, we were expendable.** Unbelievably, sometimes Base Ops forgot remote deployments until somebody noticed they were overdue. It was our wives calling the old man's 'the base commander's' wife demanding to know where are our husbands, which got their attention! She jumped his ass and he jumped Ops. All was strictly need to know. ComSec would call 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force to find out where it sent us, and then dispatch a recovery team to bring us home. I suffered only one of those 'lost in space pucker part moments' before saying, 'Enough!' I was already cracking up so being dismissed from HRP and Mobile Nuclear Alert duty came very quickly. We were on total communication black out during these deployments so phoning home or anywhere else was not an option. That and much more was The Cold War. The Old Man ordered us to grin and bear it: grinning was optional; bearing the load was not - that is an order. Party smile everyone ☺.

Each time I came home the wife and kid knew me less and less and less until finally not at all. I was changing the most in realizing that I was a mass murderer; they simply responded in kind. Moreover, absence makes the heart grow fonder for someone else who was there in my place. By the time enlistment was over, so was my marriage and family except divorce and the crying – tears for life. The four most destructive words a man can ever hear from his wife are, 'I want a divorce...' When I hear a Vet say, "I am not married anymore," I understand his forlorn sadness: been there, too. That kind of painful loss is for life; one never really gets over it. Especially in retrospect and realization of the precious sacrifices, I wasted serving an ingrate country that would not know duty, honor, or commitment if it walked up and peed on its leg. Over the decades I watched my life unravel like an onion until nothing was left of it or me but emptiness, guilt, shame and regrets. All for patriotic broken promises that were salt into an unbearably painful wound for life. That kind of soul-injury never leaves one, ever. Once my commitment to them was over, both said goodbye, your problems are too big for us. Living with a stranger and crazy Vet takes more than most can bear. They did not have to live with me; I did and still do. On the other hand, no life is without remorse. My favorite regret was marriage; serving a good for nothing, ungrateful nation came in second marginally by a hair. Getting out had benefits right away; civilian work paid far better. Did not take me long to figure out how far down in the gurgler I was making \$255.00 semimonthly, before taxes, working all those hours. Donating my family, time, life and labor to Uncle Sam was not only free and for nothing – my ROI was negative! Many of my fellow soldiers used Public Welfare and food stamps to provision their families. I worked three part time jobs to do that. Pride has a price and it would have been cheaper and far less wear and tear on me to go the welfare route, too. When publicity of soldiers living on welfare hit the press, the Socialist Carter Administration gave Military 3% pay raises. He claimed that was an example for Americans to follow tempering worker and pensioner demands for higher cost of living raises countering the massive hyper-stagflation raging from 60 years of wrongheaded Socialist economic fiscal policies. How kind of him in an 18% inflation rate economy. Excessively too little, too late, which is typical for Communism. The answer from Socialists when their plans fail is to administer more collectivism: **the floggings will continue until morale and attitudes improve, party smile – everyone** ☺.

I dutifully served until the final betrayal by 'we the sheeple' of this country and their government on January 21 1977. After that, I lost my loyalist religion in Toto. On that day of infamy, the Carter administration and America disgraced, betrayed and scapegoated us for doing our duty and rewarded those who did not. That single act downgraded all US War wounded, crippled and deaths to less than worthless; never have I seen so many patriotic sacrifices wasted so badly by America. Why not, it wastes everything else. When I think of the precious parts of life I gave up for it – ad nauseam understates my contempt. The free ride after we already paid full fare with our bodies, minds and lives. I made an irrevocable decision immediately to exit military at end of enlistment and soul searched to ask, since my heart was not in this anymore, why go on at all. However, honorably, I finished my tour of duty, which is all about me and nothing else. I have no gripe with the hundreds of thousands of "we won't go" men and women who risked and went to prison protesting Vietnam War and draft. I harbor no ill will against Hanoi Jane Fonda for publicly taking her stand protesting the same. Someone among 'American Sheeple' flocks had to muster the guts ending those injustices. Along with us, they too were the true victims of wrong-headed, Socialistic prejudice and national policy called freedom. Protesters and US Military shared a common bond; scapegoats by a coward state for losing an unwinnable Vietnam War that US National Socialists owned in Toto. I still take exception to a country that punished and dishonored US Armed Forces and Veterans for admirably doing our duty while rewarding those people who did

not. Ditto for a treasonous homeland that forced War protesters, and draftees marched to War at gunpoint, into the position of civil disobedience against abusive government injustice in the first place. The draft ended quietly without fanfare. The Socialists defeated and disgraced by ‘we the people’s’ civil noncompliance against its tyranny, had to blame a whipping-boy. To save face, through a Presidential, national, public announcement US blamed its Military in Toto. It had to be us, for Socialism is never wrong. This country hung all military service members and vets on the same ‘patriotic’ gallows pole. Then coined slogans like, ‘*thank you for your service*’ to publicly hide their crimes.

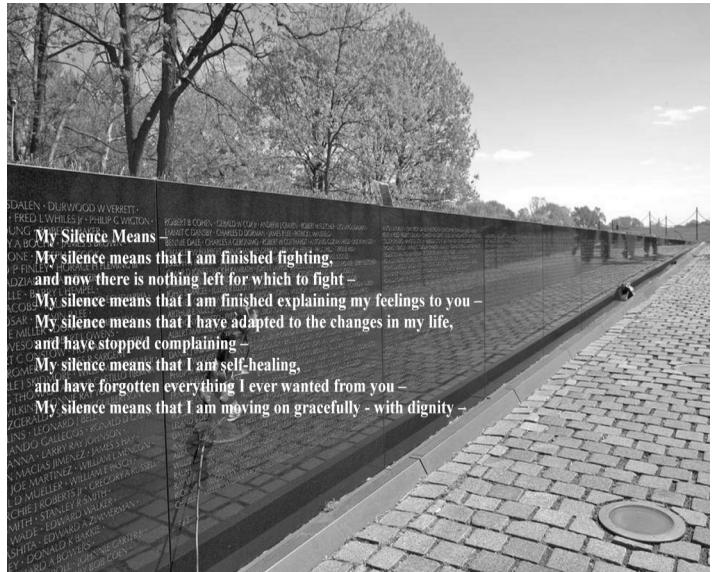
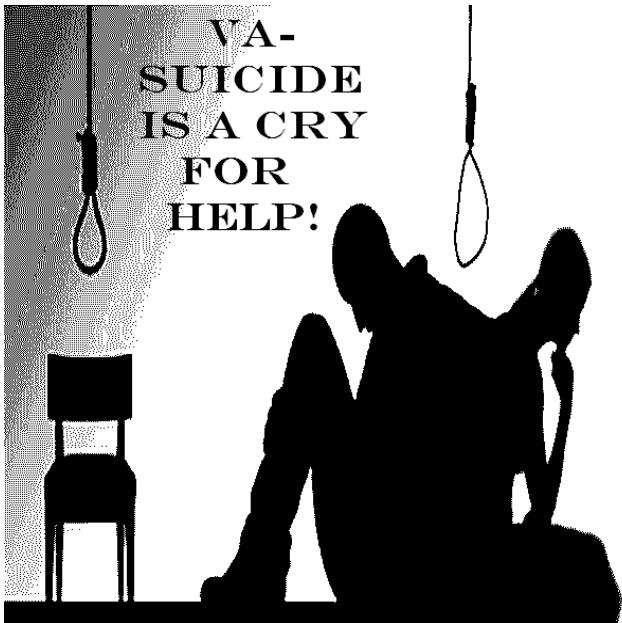
Aforewritten is only the high points; I could write a book about what was omitted for brevity. After completing enlistment, I left military culture but it never left me. Pursuing VA benefits was a sham. I paid education costs out of pocket and using that hustled to sell me until landing a job in the private employment market, which was as aforewritten a major accomplishment in and of itself. Then made sound choices to build wealth, raise and support a family while it lasted, American government and its institutions, etc., paying taxes and more fulfilling societal and cultural obligations earning my right to live in this nation. Dues I will continue paying until death serving as my brother and sister’s keeper. I have no sympathy for generations of American youth whining about how hard they have it; they do not know hard. Compared to my parents and grandparents before me, neither do I. Jobs are plentiful and pay very well; opportunities exist today that were undreamed of in my era. In most cases, they simply did not exist at all until we created them! Yet, college kids whine at the debt load of student loans they voluntarily borrow to party and vacation while away at school. Then expect someone else to pay for their responsibilities so they can *play* with personal resources. When attending school, I worked to pay tuition and expenses, which was very common among students, while also raising and paying for a family, societal, and civic obligations, and parasitic Socialism, which back then did not help struggling parents at all. Instead of partying we sacrificed, studied, and earned our educations and our places in society. Today’s young people can do the same, too, although few do. My generation built a country that currently provides the highest living standard in US history or the world for that matter to the younger generations to enjoy; conversely, they whine that we did not do enough for them. Americans overall have so much available yet waste it doing so little with their blessings. In my time, it was the opposite; we did so much with very little and made it work: do with or do without, earned our keep and what we needed and wanted. Luxury and entertainments were rare as was the time or money to use them. Now American youth have ample time yet squanders it with all else: easy come easy go on someone else’s precious dime. When one has skin in the game, what s/he does with it has value. Today’s generations of unearned entitlement kiddies’ have the attitude of me, me, me, because they have nothing personal in the return of investment. They scream, ‘We have *rights*!’ However, *rights* come with *responsibilities and duties*; never are *rights* free and for nothing, nevertheless they expect them gratis like everything else given to them these days while sheltered and entertained under the bread, wine and circus tents someone else bought for them. I grew up believing in the noble lies of people like JFK, ‘Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what [more] you can do for your country...’ My parents, teachers, elders, and US institutions through cradle-to-grave conditioning all taught personal responsibility, that success and reward were built on hard work, delayed gratification, sacrifice, observing US social customs and patriotism to a fault. Naively, from childhood on, I bit and swallowed the bait, hook, line, sinker, pole, boat, and dock. Innocently, I believed and followed those noble lies to a stony end only to find that in USA, patriotism is a farce. Take five dollars and patriotism to any merchant in America and see which one *talks* while the other *walks*. Try paying for anything with patriotism and the shopkeeper will call a cop and arrest you! Any Vet without money is a bum like anyone else. I served military duty during Cold and Vietnam War eras. As a proxy mass murderer, I still have night terrors and have not had a decent nights sleep in almost 50 years knowing that each loaded warship that returned empty dropped the payload on innocent men, women and kids crippling and killing them. Collateral damage is a lie; US intentionally attacks civilians to demoralize a country’s populations so they cease supporting a War waging government, which ends it. In Vietnam and all other wars since, My Lai massacres were commonplace and would have gone unknown to US citizens but for War correspondents that reported them back home. When ‘we the people’ realized the horror they were responsible for creating and supporting, soldiers were scapegoated to placate them into continuing to sustain state War efforts. When a population does not support its government at War, the nation is defeated.

Americans ignorantly live in a fantasy about military and WAR! Their myopic, narrow idealisms are archaic to before the 19<sup>th</sup> century! Misperceptions from propagandic fantasy factory productions of mass media, cinema, and TV myth are not reality. VA does not consider me a combat soldier because of its wrong-headed ideals created to deny Vets earned benefits. The weapons we used did not kill, cripple a few or dozens; if launched we wiped out billions of earth surface populations totally in a secret Cold War combat theater masses must never know the truth about. The reader is viewing this because we did our jobs as deterrent for any side not launching WW3. My contributions and sacrifices are just as valuable as any ground soldier. The fact that you exist to read this letter proves it! I served just like they do. The Neo-age War, far more advanced than those of the past, is psychological and biological warfare that is also unrecognized as combat by VA and America. That is until the Covid war of mind and microbe arrived including them as combatants and casualties. Now, Americans move as blood spooked herds fearful of an invisible, undetectable danger lurking everywhere! A virus, a microbe against which they wear useless masks in self-defense, obsessed by sanitation, evading each other, and worse! Fear harms more than the hoax virus promoting it. If the Homo Sapiens race does not evolve out of the current anal-retentive, evolutionary stage of We-Are-Right and promptly, it will self-extinct the taxon and planetary evolution back to 150 million BC for another try at re-evolving, again, taking all of its born and unborn children with it. Want proof? The US ‘Native American’ and Nazi Germany ‘Jewish’ Holocausts and final solutions reset the clock on humanity 50,000 years into the past! Those atrocities are clear evidence of what the human animal is capable of doing to its kind; Hiroshima and Nagasaki atomic bombing of civilian cities – innocent men, women and babies, clearly shows what is at stake for humanity: self-extinction in Toto unless it changes and fast! My tour of duty was almost half a century ago. MADD governed The Cold ‘Nuclear’ War: *Mutually Assured Destruction Defense* systems that ***automatically*** launched all Superpower Nuclear arsenals at predetermined targets without human intervention at all: the **doomsday machine**. A nuclear detonation anywhere on or in the planet, accidental or intentional, the size of an atomic warhead triggered this doomsday machine into action. **That is why all Nuclear weapons testing had to globally stop** before the MADD machines mistakenly launched WW3. First Strike Force Bombers could be recalled; second strike ICBM’s of MADD could not. Once the ICBM’s left their launch tubes, nations had 15 minutes before ground zero ending all life on the planet surface as it was known, which would reset earth’s evolution to 150 Million BC. Now, two nuclear powered Poseidon or later class submarines, one on North America’s East and West coasts can surface, launch in minutes and resubmerge without detection and totally blow away North America and our neighbors in less than 7 minutes; launching MADD in that process ending all life on this planet surface in less than an hour. The ‘Doomsday Clock’ is what that means sponsored from the same scientists that brought us the machine that will do it. That is the Cold War Americans are clueless about now called Terrorism; for, if they were aware of the truth this nation’s and the world’s sheeple would end the war machine – yesterday. They must remain fat, numb, and dumb by the bread, wine, and circus’ to continue supporting the human death wish madness: self-extinction. Bio-Warfare is much worse though less destructive to real estate. Covid is only a Halloween simulation and foretaste of things to come from that combat theater, from which there is no escape.

USA used Warfare tactics of population demoralization – labeling it collateral damage on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Then used it again in Korea, Vietnam, and every war since. Americans noticed and rebelled out of conscience. Now censorship blocks such truth from masses proper, which is fine among the sheeple that thinks plausible deniability of ignorance, will forgive them. In the next World War, when the US is hit, major, most populated cities will be die first. The War for America will end before it starts. You see our enemies have learned the same dirty tricks from US that we use on them. What we put out is coming back to US. However, voluntary compliance at gunpoint backed by US law *does not excuse my actions*: mass murder is what mass murder does. **As a soldier, I was employed by USA as a mass murderer and am responsible in that for me only and no one else.** This country owns the rest of it. *Nothing records and plays back a life more accurately and in detail than the human mind and body.* As a result, I hold the USA responsible for the diseases inherited from military service that I suffer, which are fast killing me. Every passing generation erases its crimes leaving them to their descendants, which is why PTB repeat history with impunity. National Socialist government throws US Veterans crumbs of medical treatment – a meager benefit we must beg to receive – then expects ‘Stockholm Syndrome’ gratitude. **Free VA benefits is a common misconception! I lost 6 years of life, a family, my health, aforewritten, and much more earning my card to that member’s only club. I have paid income taxes almost 55**

years supporting that parasite, still do and will for life. For those who have it, VA charges Vet's private health insurance for the 'care' it provides to them, which by law a Vet must give the taxpayer supported parasite, and why many abandon VA to private sector when finally eligible for coverage. Privatization works! Furthermore – 100 US veterans trapped in that system from going elsewhere suicide every day protesting the lack of care from VA and this country.

In closing, anyone who misperceives that I am getting VA help free and for nothing is talking out their tail pipe. VA payments in FREE party slogans such as 'thanks for your service' discount that I served with a gun barrel in my back held by violence of US conscription law. My choices of serve, exile, or imprisonment were the evils presented from 'we the American people and its government.' However, let me suggest this, next time you see a crippled Vet with arms, legs, eyes, or other damaged and missing body parts confined to a wheelchair for life, or sitting ragged and homeless on a street, alley, sidewalk or gutter, begging for American charity; or so mentally, emotionally deranged and crippled that s/he cannot hold a job, relationship, misfits in society at large; suffers from diseases, addictions, and untreatable or untreated 'SHELL SHOCK.' Cannot sleep for unabated night terrors; was deserted by family, friends, spouse, and kids because his/her problems were too big for them to suffer the rest of life alone as a resident of nowhere. Where s/he faces more abandonment, betrayal, and denial of 'his or her problems' and more by America and VA in Toto, which drives too many to addictions and 100 a day to suicide ending their pain. Ask would you trade your life for all that and more for what is misperceived as 'free' benefits from VA? No!? Then if you will not walk our path, why does America demand and neglect her Veterans to such a fate? A nation that thinks I am an orgasmic martyr, frottaging a patriotic ego blissfully suffering 'for my country,' has rocks in his or her head: aka shit for brains. One cannot return a destroyed life – I paid my dues. Nothing is free in Hell, America or from the VA.



*There is no greater failure than when a man or woman is so distraught that s/he commits suicide sending a protest, and message that screams "FAILURE" written in a veteran's blood. Over seven times the 69,000 US troops that were killed in Vietnam War have since died by suicide from not getting needed care from America. Currently, more Veterans die by suicide every year than the total number of combat deaths in Iraq and Afghanistan combined. Where is their remembrance? We do not need more token emotional moments or memorials; US Veterans and active Military people, we walk among the living you know – and need true HELP! America reserve, your cold, non-living headstones for the Dead.*

*First They Came*

*First they came for the Native Americans*

*Then they came for the Jews*

*Next they came for the soldiers and veterans*

*When they came for you and me*

*None were left to fight for you....or me.*

*If you will not stand with us*

*When it is your turn, who will stand and fight with you?*

*Just remember they always dispose of useful idiots last.*



### *What do Americans and VA have in common concerning US Military and Veteran Suicide epidemic?*

*After discharge, VA and transition benefits were a complete fraud. I was salvageable then. When applying for C&P and service related help, VA betrayed me, lied and denied them in Toto, and then sinking to a new low even for VA blamed my mother for service related problems! Moreover, the misogynist adjudication officer was arrogant enough to put that in writing, and I still have the rejection letter proving it. I never forgave the company for either sin especially about blaming my mother and now for murdering my dad, a Korean War Veteran, in 2008.*

*VA payments in FREE party slogans such as ‘thanks for your service’ discounts that we served with a gun barrel in our backs held by violence of US conscription law. Our choices of serve, exile, or imprisonment were the evils presented from ‘we the American people and its government’ when drafting us into the Vietnam conflict and war. Then they officially betrayed all of us – in Toto – January 21, 1977.*

*Stigma of the Vietnam War still curses Veterans of that era, and will do so until we all die. Then it befalls to the rightful owners – the American nation and its government.*

*VA Making Amerika great again. Do we kill ‘em and how!*

